

Pee  
Sky

Who let all the Monkeys out?

Produced by Dean Wareham with Pee Shy  
except for Little Dudes Produced by Rick Chertoff



314 532 122-2



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Pee Shy WHO LET ALL THE MONKEYS OUT?

WHO LET ALL THE MONKEYS OUT?

Pee Shy

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1. four miles

8. It's the LOVE

9. red ink

2. smoking gun

3. JASON, I thought I saw A U.F.O.

10. ★ fossil fuel

4. little dudes

11. keep It Simple, Stupid

12. JAZZ FREAKIN'

13. bend over

5. you belong

14. ★ for the game

15. ODE TO NIC

6. ★ home

7. dance mother f\*!kers

16. there's NO ROOM for your god forsaken'N baby

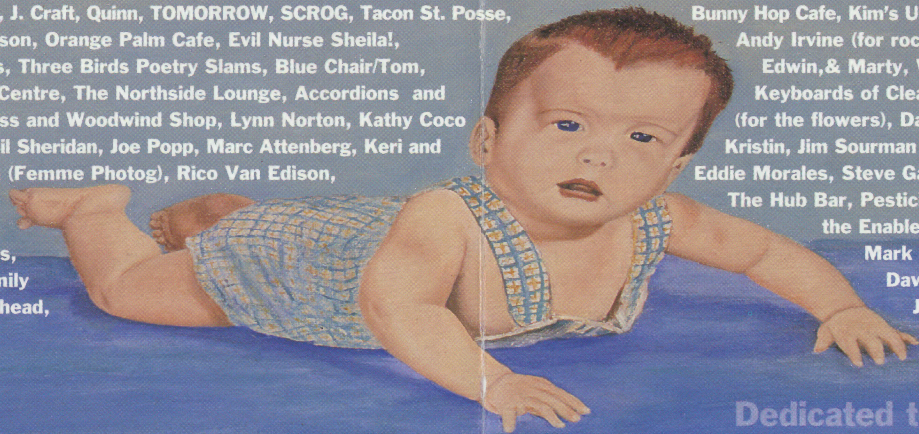
★ = SPOKEN WORD



Hey, I'm talking to you!

Thanks:

DRUNKEN BOAT, Todd and Lisa Colby, Ron Burman, Doug Schoemer, Michele Galman, Glenn Petry, Rick Chertoff, Satan, HOME, GEEZER LAKE, LUNA (w/Dean as strap boy), Mario Salvati, Lou! Sciancalepore, Astor Piazzola, MAGADOG, WEEN, SEBADOH, STEREO LAB, DUMBWAITERS, MORSEL, SMOG, SKINNY'S 21, Tim and RANCID, Val Day, Susan Glass, Layna Ayre, Satan, Karen Rodewald, Eric Morrison, Brad Truax, John Vetter, Robert C. Constable Jr., QUEED, SPACE HOG (thanks for the use of your leather strap), Dave Rogers, Justin & Harry, Michelle and Eve Juristo, Mark Combs, Spoken For, Wes & Teresa, The Wheeler Clan, All Guidera's (especially Tom, Julie, Tom Jr. and Alice), Kelly Parker-Bridges, Heath Bowman, Ruth and Emmanuel Orenberg, Bil's Mom and Dad and their respective partners, Southern Funeral Home, Ed Conte, Tully, Andy and the rest of the St. Pete Posse, J. Craft, Quinn, TOMORROW, SCROG, Tacon St. Posse, Bunny Hop Cafe, Kim's Underground, The Koplín Bro's, Gimme Gimme, Andy Irvine (for rock on encouragement), Eric Lyon, Blut Boy, Live, Shop & Die, Tim Simpson, Orange Palm Cafe, Evil Nurse Sheila!, Edwin, & Marty, WMNF-FM 88.5, Kim Dicce/Stone Lounge, Michael Pool/Thirsty Ear Poetry Series, Three Birds Poetry Slams, Blue Chair/Tom, Keyboards of Clearwater, John Thorpe, Belinda, Robert Mortellaro/Weekly Planet, Off Centre, The Northside Lounge, Accordions and (for the flowers), Dan Matz (for skinning the monkey), C.J. Rock, Kate Messer, Michael Tubbs, The Brass and Woodwind Shop, Lynn Norton, Kathy Coco, Kristin, Jim Sourman (soundman to the stars), Dorothy Abbott, (for the hair styles), Marcella, Dana, Phil Sheridan, Joe Popp, Marc Attenberg, Keri and Eddie Morales, Steve Garbarino, Greg Anderson, Sam Dunscombe, Chris Coxwell/Chew mag, Cheryl Dunn (Femme Photog), Rico Van Edison, The Hub Bar, Pesticide Boy and Rob, The Paramount Bellboys, Gerald Hammill, Kat and Marco, the Enabler, Babs, no you're Babs, Cassie Roessel, The Tile Bar = Cosmopolitans, George Mark McManus, Bob Pomeroy/Moe Mag, Angelica's Cafe, The Castle, Kacy Ross, Gina and Helen, Heddy and her sis, Emily Davis, and the following cats: Betty, Kerouac, Nora, Lucky Pierre, Catzilla, Astro/Pinhead, Jaye Conway, Nicko's.



Dedicated to John Imboden

Staff's  
75

## CINDY WHEELER

Vocals, Accordion,  
Guitar, Piano

## JENNY JURISTO

Vocals, Clarinet,  
Bass Clarinet,  
Keyboards, Piano,  
Acoustic Guitar,  
Accordion

## BIL BOWMAN

Drums, Synthesizer

## MARY GUIDERA

Bass

well i ain't old enough to be your mom but  
you were six years old when i went to the prom  
where are you little dude  
don't you know i'm in love with you  
well you hardly have to shove around that smile  
please don't think i'm a pedophile

my beer drinking pal likes 'em kind of geeky  
tape on the glasses and clean and squeaky, well  
you know she rocks all the little dudes words  
cause she's a full grown woman lookin' just like a girl  
my other girlfriend got a mouth full of braces,  
likes the white trash dudes at the greyhound races  
she's a sexy mama got big dark eyes  
makes this one little dude just run and hide

where are you little dude  
don't you know i'm in love with you  
well i ain't old enough to be your mom but  
you were six years old when i went to the prom  
where are you little dude  
don't you know i'm in love with you  
well you're making me feel like a naughty lady  
thinkin' 'bout Greg and Mrs. Brady

I drove this little dude home one day  
he asked my age along the way, I said  
when you were born I was already ten  
I never saw that little dude again  
never, never  
where are you little dude?  
where are you little dude?

## Dance Mother\*\*kers

can't speak a word  
only grunt and stare  
a puzzled monkey  
when returned with a glare  
sounds to me like you're calling your dog  
well i say soo-lee when i see a hog  
can you see the faces  
of your mothers or your sisters  
can you see my face at all  
piggyish mister

and you look mesmerized  
but me i feel dehumanized  
cause what i want to do is cruelly kill  
but even then you'd win still  
yeah what i want to do is cruelly kill  
but even then you'd win still  
you'd win

and i'm glad i don't carry a gun  
but in my street day-dreams  
i always have a big one  
to pop their desire  
and i say dance mother\*\*kers  
i want to take you higher

repeat

## Four Miles

i know that i could be in you  
and i know i'd fit in today  
and i know that i should drive straight thru  
but i keep on losing my way  
and i know that i should speak to you  
but i've got nothing to say  
and i know that i should see thru you  
but i keep on looking away  
away

and if you squint and look your eyes to the horizon  
you'll understand my need to drive full speed  
i've got some place to be  
and don't wake me up until we get there  
i want to sleep, i want to dream with the windows down  
the air's the only sound

cause i've been drivin' a long, long way  
you know i really want to stop and say  
hey you  
ain't you got nothing to do  
you ought to take the wheel from me for a while  
and i could sleep, i wouldn't move  
i couldn't see your smile  
for miles and miles and miles and miles  
for miles, for miles,  
four miles till home

## Smoking Gun

and now you know you're a lucky one  
with only powder burns from a smoking gun

asking questions for a reply  
and because never answered the question why  
why you like a sound that goes pop  
why you like the rain when it won't stop  
how you came to be this way  
do you know the girl you portray  
well wouldn't you like to know

asking questions for a reply  
and because never answered the question why  
why you walking around the same block  
why you looking for hands on a clock  
why is there a big car in the sky  
why's the wind always make it pass you by  
and you try getting a ride

and when you walk down the sunny lane  
do you remember the days when the rains came  
and how d you learn to walk away  
when you saw that you could not stay  
and now you know you're a lucky one  
with only powder burns from a smoking gun

well ride ride ride, hitchin' a ride  
gotta get me home to my baby's side

## Jason, I Thought I Saw A U.F.O.

Three little tiny lights in the sky  
zip and zag in a flash and i try  
to see just where those little lights went  
i double take and i rub and i squint  
now i don't want to go make shapes out of clay  
a close encounter of the first kind today  
while driving down a county road at twilight  
me and my baby got a terrible fright

and i said Jason  
i thought i saw a UFO  
Jason  
i thought i saw a UFO

now i was quiet as we drove back to the house  
had a strange metal taste in my mouth  
Jason said babe it was a weather balloon  
but i said sugar bet there's men on the moon  
with big eyes  
and tiny fingers

by my bed at night they linger  
my belly swells and i'm thinking maybe  
this ain't Jason's but an alien's baby

and i said Jason  
i thought i saw a UFO  
Jason  
i thought i saw a UFO

## Little Dudes

Well i've got some friends of mine  
and on Monday nights we pass the time  
one drinks beer and one drinks gin  
we like the little boys and not the men  
we keep our eyes open for the little dudes  
cause they never try to tell us what to do  
they look real cute in they baggy clothes  
some gots an earring in they nose

where are you little dude  
don't you know i'm in love with you

## You Belong

You can pass me the note and i'll  
pass it on down  
your secret's safe without me  
you can tell me the joke  
and i won't make a sound  
but is it about me

standing at a distance  
from all creatures great and small  
standing at a distance  
from all creatures great and small  
you belong

you can look past me  
and i won't interfere  
i shall not be chosen  
in this IN IN crowd  
that i hold dear  
i should not be nosin' in

but you belong  
you belong  
you belong

standing at a distance

## It's the Love

Kick me here  
who put that there  
kick me here  
who put that there

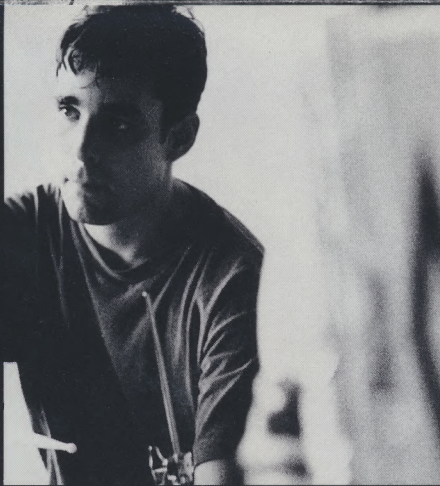
and this thing's been  
dragging me down all day long  
this fear that  
i've done something wrong

it's not me  
it's not me

Touch me there  
where i fell down  
touch me there  
where i fell down

and if you look real close  
you'll find that it's still soft  
that it's still soft

and it's the love that gives you away  
it's the love that gives you away  
(it's the love it's the love it's the funky love)



Kick me here  
where I fell down  
touch me there  
who put that there

and it's the love that gives you away  
it's the love that keeps you away  
and it's the love that keeps you away  
it's the love that keeps you away  
(it's the love it's the love it's the funky love)

and up is the opposite of down

### Red Ink

And I get lost in these piles of paper  
in red ink flowers that have no scent  
in unspeakable flowery language, my hands cramp  
with my fingers bent.

there's a lot of miles between us  
but it always looks like inches when I look at a map  
yeah there's a lot of miles between us  
but it always looks like inches when I look at a map

you've made a mess of it  
random parts of you that don't fit  
you start to chip away  
pulling loose ends, watch them fray  
and this won't hurt a bit  
you saw it comin' didn't you  
you had to prove it to yourself

and you won't feel the sting  
it's how you planned it baby  
just keep it you and no one else  
...always you and no one

our eyes will never meet  
not with this shit here at my feet  
this chaos suits me fine  
a private castle, my own design

and this won't hurt a bit  
you saw it comin' didn't you  
you had to prove it to yourself

and you won't feel the sting  
it's how you planned it baby  
just keep it you and no one else

and you won't feel you  
and you won't feel you  
and you won't feel

### Ode To Nic

and you've gone again  
my smoky friend  
banished away  
today is valentine's day

I pace blood into straight lines  
on my floors  
top coat's my marrow  
cause I'm on the straight and narrow

and you've gone again  
my smoky friend  
cause I need to breathe  
but I need you more nicotine

I pace blood into straight lines  
on my floors  
top coat's my marrow  
cause I'm on the straight and narrow  
yeah I'm on the straight and narrow

no smoke - no drink - too much time to think

and I'm thinking about smoking  
until I can hardly breathe  
and I'm thinking about drinking  
until I can barely speak  
and I'm thinking about driving  
at a high rate of speed  
and I'm thinking about eating  
until I have to heave  
and I'm thinking about loving you  
just to make you leave  
and I'm thinking about leaving you  
just to watch you weep

and I'm thinking about Blanche Dubois  
yeah I'm thinking about Blanche Dubois  
about what I want and what I need (Hey Stella)

### There's No Room for Your Godforsaken Baby

No matter what you dream  
it's only words in your sleep

They're lying flat on your bed  
They're lying under your bed  
They're lying flat on your bed  
They're lying to ya

No matter what you feel  
you can't be feeling too deep

You're lying flat on your bed  
You're lying under your bed  
You're lying flat on your bed  
You're lying to ya

Keeping  
keeping the faith in you

No matter what you do  
it's only words in your head

You're lying flat on your bed  
You're lying under your bed  
You're lying flat on your bed  
You're lying to me

Keeping  
keeping the faith in you

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Produced by Dean Wareham with Pee Shy  
Engineered and Mixed by Mario Salvati and Michael Cry  
Assistant Engineer - Lou Sciancalepore  
Recorded at Sorcerer Sound, New York City  
except for Little Dudes  
Produced by Rick Chertoff  
Recorded & Mixed by William Wittman  
Recorded at Bear Tracks Studio, Suffern, NY

Mastered by Greg Calbi  
at Masterdisk, New York City

### Special Appearances

David Finck - Contra Bass  
William Wittman - Keyboard  
Rob Hyman - Keyboard  
Eric Bazilian - Guitar  
Andy Kravitz - Drums  
on Little Dudes

Dean Wareham - Backing Vocals  
Todd Colby - Free Ramble  
on There's No Room For Your Godforsaken Baby

Glenn Petry - Trumpet  
on Jazz Freakin'

Eric Morrison - Piano, Rhodes  
on It's The Love, Red Ink, and There's No Room For  
Your Godforsaken Baby

Words by Cindy Wheeler

Words by Jenny Juristo

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Back Artwork Collage: Pee Shy



and I get lost in these piles of paper  
in red ink suns from the end of a pen  
and I can feel the heat from a distance  
a sun so bright it made our eyes squint

there's a lot of miles between us  
but it always looks like inches when I look at a map  
yeah there's a lot of miles between us  
but it always looks like inches when I look at a map

yeah there's a lot of miles between us it's true  
I'm gonna send a paper airplane to you  
it's gonna have a paper pilot, its gonna have a paper crew  
I'm gonna use peppermint candy for glue,  
cause there's a lot of miles between us  
but it always looks like inches when I look at a map  
yeah there's a lot of miles between us it's true  
but it's summer time and I've got nothing to do  
I'm gonna send a paper airplane to you

### Keep it Simple, Stupid

Crawling on blunt objects  
to find the foot of the bed  
reaching 'round a stranger's room  
to find my head

### Jazz Freakin'

### Bend Over

Well it's all written down  
on the palm of my hand  
I hide the answers here  
and if I have to slap you  
I think I can  
until the answer's clear

so come here  
I wanna make the answer clear  
come here  
I wanna make the answer clear  
bend over  
I want you to meet a friend of mine  
well bend over  
I want you to meet a friend of mine

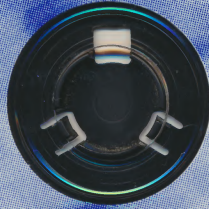


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# Pee Sky



BLUE GORILLA



314 532 1222

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